

Good Morning 689

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Tale of Two Sisters for P.O. Jack Sanders

ONCE upon a time there were two sisters. They were not sisters really, although they really were sisters, if you see what we mean! Then along came Petty Officer Jack Sanders, R.N. Sister Anne introduced him to sister Leonora, so that's why "Good Morning" called at 46, St. David's Hill, Exeter, the other day.

For sister Leonora, late of the Devon and Exeter Hospital (Exeter) is now Mrs. Jack Sanders, and Jack's sister, Anne, also late of the same hospital, is waiting to go abroad for the second time in this war, as a member of the "Colonial Nursing Service."

So you see how it came about that although they weren't really sisters, they— Anyway, Jack, your wife told us that Anne is quite fit again and eager to be off.

Mrs. Sanders is very busy these days looking after your new son—you haven't seen him yet, have you?—so we hope the photo will help you along until you can see him for yourself.

Little Bryant is a fine, healthy chap, just 4½ months at the time of the picture.

Twenty-five-years-old Petty Officer William John Sanders has been in the Royal Navy for eight years now, and in submarines since the beginning of this war, his wife told us. His home-town is Holne, Ashburton, Devon. He was home on leave in Exeter in July, 1944, so that we thought Mrs. Sanders' message to her husband very appropriate.

"Send him my love," she said, "and I'm longing to see him home, but—if he doesn't shave his beard off I may not recognise him when he comes!" You won't take that too seriously, will you, as Leonora was only joking, of course.

We were also asked to tell

you that your father was delighted with his letter recently. If you can find the time, Jack, a few more like that would make a lot of difference to your dad.

We promised we would mention this as we said good-bye.

HOME TOWN

WALES is fighting hard to secure the setting up of an International air base at Llantwit Major, which experts have demonstrated is one of the finest landing grounds in Britain. Plans have been sent to the Air Ministry. But with many other parts of the country competing, it seems doubtful whether South Wales will win its case.

All over the world R.A.F. boys know St. Athan in the Vale of Glamorgan, the largest R.A.F. centre in Britain.

Civil aviation, Cardiff Corporation has been informed, is to be dovetailed with R.A.F. service stations. St. Athan, therefore, will be very much on the map.

It may yet be that St. Athan will be developed as a Transatlantic base with shuttle services to new and bigger airports at Cardiff and Swansea. Already plans are laid for a regular taxi-service to holiday resorts and across the Channel.

NEXT time you write home make sure the folks send your name and address to the Glamorgan County Welfare and Comforts Association, Windsor Place, Cardiff.

A "Victory" gift of 200 cigarettes is being sent to every man from Glamorgan now serving abroad.

W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER Those 2.6 secs. Knock Stuffing Out of Champs

JUST in case some misguided enthusiast set out to catch Bernard on a snap bet, our bookmaker friend had been studying athletic records after a previous conversation at the Jolly Roger.

It was he who set the ball rolling the other evening by asking if any of the cronies could name the longest-standing record of any note in the world of athletics.

"Why, surely, it must be the one the Guv'nor reminded us about," answered Paddy—Donaldson's 100 yards record, which has stood for 35 years."

"Will you bet a round of drinks on it?"

"No, I won't let you have the satisfaction of diddling me on a bet. I'll buy the round of drinks without it, as I guess you have something up your sleeve."

"I wouldn't catch an innocent like you. I just happened to notice that our old friend W. G. George's mile record stood unbeaten for 37 years, and wondered if any of you had that in mind."

"We all ought to be able to remember that without any difficulty," said the Guv'nor, "seeing that our late friend was such an old associate."

"To think that Walter George's record stood so long and that, when once it was beaten, it became quite the fashion to knock whole seconds off the time until we reach the stage when people are talking about the four-minute mile as easily as if it meant waiting for the right kind of weather and the thing was as good as done. I shall be surprised if it is ever done in a level four minutes," said Bernard.

"You have a supporter in that contention," said the Guv'nor, "and his opinion is to a great extent authoritative. I refer to Gil Dodds, America's retired mile champion, who says that the four-minute mile is a physical impossibility."

"Dodds still holds the American indoor record for the mile, so you may gather

that he knows what he is talking about."

"Yet quite a fair number of men, whose opinions must be treated with respect when it comes to track running, hold the belief that it is likely to be accomplished within the next few years," said Paddy. "It only means knocking off 2.6 secs. to bring it to four minutes."

"Only 2.6 seconds," echoed the Guv'nor. "It is that last bit that knocks the stuffing out of the greatest champions."

"Yet, of course, the fellows who have failed to come within a few seconds of the four-minute mile," said Bernard, "can only speak for themselves."

"They do not know whether any near superman is growing into a champion mile runner to beat all their best performances."

"What makes me mention this is I cannot forget how emphatic was the opinion of my old friend Jabez Wolfe on swimming the English Channel. You remember the many attempts that were made to equal Captain Webb's feat in swimming the Channel. Jappy, as we used to call him, was a great swimmer, and, so far as endurance was concerned, he thought himself as good as any man."

"I was present with a crowd of friends when Wolfe was brought in after his third attempt. It was evident that he meant it to be his last, because he spluttered out with all the strength he had left in him: 'No plummy man has ever swum this blasted Channel, and no plummy man ever will.'"

"Of course, time proved him to be wrong in his estimate of man's powers in mastering the Channel, but it only goes to show that those who have to cry enough are not sure and certain prophets."

"Yes, that's a good point," said the Guv'nor, "but swim-

ming the English Channel is not quite on all fours with trying to beat the one-mile running record. To a certain extent, the state of the track, the humidity of the atmosphere, and other conditions, can be repeated in different years, but it is doubtful whether the tides and cross-currents of the Channel, together with wind velocity, can be compared for each swimming attempt. Not, at least, with anything like the same degree of accuracy."

"I merely recalled the incident," explained Bernard, "to show that it is not safe to make that sort of prophecy. All the same, it was quite understandable in this instance. Captain Webb had succeeded in swimming the Channel from Dover to Calais on August 25, 1875."

"For 35 years the world's best swimmers failed to equal that performance."

"Is it to be wondered at that our friend Jabez Wolfe, in the most bitter moment of his disappointment, voiced a doubt that anybody had ever swum the Channel?"

"It was not long after this that T. W. Burgess swam from the South Foreland to Cape Grisnez in 22 hours 35 mins. Captain Webb's time was 21 hours 45 mins. The Channel was given a long rest after Burgess had silenced the doubters, but some years later the fashion was re-introduced and the swimmers went across in shoals."

"The most extraordinary swim was accomplished in 1926 by Georges Michel, of France, who swam from Cape Grisnez to Dover in 11 hours 5 mins., less than half the time taken by Burgess."

"Only a mug would suggest that Michel's record is likely to be beaten; yet a man would also be foolish to say that it could not be beaten."

"I'm afraid I have wandered from our subject, which was the one-mile record, but the very thought of that Channel swim has made me thirsty; so let's all have a drink."

"You've plunged into deep water," said Paddy, "but before we leave the Channel (that valuable strip of water that kept Hitler's hordes on dry land), can you tell me the name of the swimmer who took the longest time over the job?"

"I suppose you are thinking of the Australian, Herbert Sullivan, who took 27 hours 25 mins. to cross from Dover to Calais."

"That's right," answered Paddy, "and I'm glad I didn't offer to bet you on that."

"I wish you had," said Bernard. "I know a swimmer who was in the water much longer than that, but he didn't succeed. A friend of mine backed the man, a Russian. He was in the water over 30 hours, and it was my friend, who was in the boat, who was so fed up that he persuaded the Russian to give up when they were nearly home."

"That Russian was an amazing fellow. He could break chains as easily as Houdini used to slip out of shackles, and do all manner of strong-man stunts. My pal was alarmed when he had him as a guest for a time. He had never seen anyone put away a meal like this fellow. Meal isn't quite the word. Ten meals at a time would be more correct. I shouldn't like him for a guest on war-time rationing, but he was a most interesting companion."

"As you have entertained us for the evening," said the Guv'nor, "I won't strike the bet with you which I had in mind when you quoted W. G. George's record as the longest standing. Do you still think you'd like to bet on it?"

"Not on any of your certainties," answered Bernard. "But we ought to be told of it."

"Certainly! George's record stood for 37 years to the day. But in 1904, when Alfred Shrubb tried to lower that record and failed, he went on to beat the two-miles record and succeeded. The previous record was set up by W. Lang in 1863, and had stood for 41 years."

"That shows what a good man Shrubb was at his best," said Paddy. "Didn't he hold the record number of records, if I may use the expression?"

"I won't be sure about the record number, but he certainly lowered a lot," said the Guv'nor. "I think the year 1904 was a peak year for Shrubb. At one meeting he beat four records, three of them being world records; and when you consider that he did this in the black month of November at Ibrox Park, Glasgow, the performance is all the more notable."

"Shrubb was what you might call an evergreen," said Paddy.

"After that I think we had better all say 'good-night,'" concluded the Guv'nor.



BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish . . .
BRICKBATS are what we really enjoy. So let's hear from you.

Address:

"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

TRAGEDY CAUSED BY A FOOL

The End of Zodomirsky's Duel. By Alexandre Dumas

WE surrounded the Major, and the fiat went forth without a discussion. Everyone was of the same opinion.

Then the Major, who had played the role of president, approached Stamm, and said to him:

"Monsieur, you are lost to all the laws of honor. Your crime was premeditated in cold blood. You have made M. Zodomirsky to give in your resignation on the pass through all the sensations cause of bad health. The surgeon of a man condemned to death, will sign all necessary certificates. while you were perfectly at ease, To-day is the 3rd of May: you you who knew that the pistols have from now to the 3rd of June were not loaded. Finally, you have to quit the regiment."

refused to fight with the man whom you have doubly insulted."

"Load the pistols! load them!" mine," said Stamm, picking up cried Stamm, exasperated. "I his saber and putting on his coat. will fight with anyone!"

But the Major shook his head and galloped off toward the village, casting a last malediction to us all.

"No, Monsieur Lieutenant," he said, "you will fight no more with your comrades. You have stained the role of president, approached your uniform. We can no longer serve with you. The officers have charged me to say that, not wishing to this scoundrel's conditions, gentlemen?" he said. "Without you, I should never have accepted them."

"My comrades and I," said the Major, "will take all the responsibility. You have acted nobly, and I must tell you in the name of us all, Monsieur Zodomirsky, that you are a man of honor." Then, turning to the officers: "Let us go, gentlemen; we must inform the Colonel of what has passed."

We mounted into the carriages. As we did so we saw Stamm in the distance galloping up the mountainside from the village upon his horse. Zodomirsky's eyes followed him.

"I know not what presentiment torments me," he said, "but I wish his pistol had been loaded, and that he had fired."

He uttered a deep sigh, then shook his head, as if with that he could disperse his gloomy thoughts. "Home," he called to the driver.

We took the same route that we had come by, and consequently again passed Mariana Ravensky's window. Each of us looked up, but Mariana was no longer there.

"Captain," said Zodomirsky, "will you do me a service?"

"Whatever you wish," I replied.

"I count upon you to tell my poor Mariana the result of this miserable affair."

"I will do so. And when?"

"Now. The sooner the better. Stop!" cried Zodomirsky to the coachman. He stopped, and I descended, and the carriage drove on. Zodomirsky had hardly entered when he saw me appear in the doorway of the saloon. Without doubt my face was pale, and wore a look of consternation, turning to the officers: "Let us go, gentlemen; we must inform me, crying."

"Great heavens, Captain! What has happened?"

I drew him from the saloon.

"My poor friend, haste if you wish to see Mariana alive. She was at her window; she saw Stamm gallop past. Stamm being alive, it followed that you were dead. She uttered a cry and fell. From that moment she has not opened her eyes."

"Oh, my presentiments!" cried Zodomirsky, "my presentiments!" and rushed hatless and without his saber into the street.

On the staircase of Mademoiselle Ravensky's house he met the doctor, who was coming down.

"Doctor," he cried, stopping him, "she is better, is she not?"

"Yes," he answered, "better since she suffers no more."

(Continued on Page 3)



"Somethin' had to be done! Nobody seemed to take any notice of my other indicator!"

QUIZ for today

1. How many fluid ounces are there in one Winchester quart?
2. What seaside town adjoins Southend?
3. How many sides has a knight threepenny-piece?
4. How should you pronounce the London borough of Willesden?

5. What is the length of a baseball bat?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Oxford Street, Wall Street, Fleet Street, Cheapside, Pall Mall.

Answers to Quiz in No. 688

1. About 1½ pints.
2. Wren.
3. Westgate.
4. Chess-un Boys.
5. Between 2½ and 2¾ inches.
6. Stethoscope is not looked through; others are.

I Get Around By DEREK HEBENTON

THE end of the dim-out brought no sudden blaze of light to London or, for that matter, to any other part of the country. So long have the town and country streets been in darkness that people found it hard to revert to the old days of unshielded windows.

To the people living within five miles of the coast, the dim-out rules still apply, but you would not have thought it if you had been at a dance I visited at a South Coast town recently. All round the very large hall were entirely un-screened windows, through which the light must have shown for some distance.

The dance was for charity. It was being run by—the local police.



THE successful run of dark-skinned Canadian feather-weight Danny Webb, who has beaten champions Jackie Paterson, Jim Brady and Bert Jackson all inside the distance, has been stopped not by an opponent in the ring, but by the Canadian Military Headquarters in London.

Webb previously had a low medical grade, due to a weak ankle, but now the ankle has proved itself in the ring, he is due for some more lethal action.

Webb, who is unbeaten as a professional, and one of the biggest attractions in boxing, can now only fight after the Canadian authorities have approved.

It's a tough war!

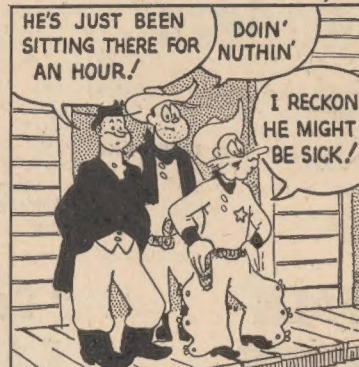


PUBLISHED in a Midlands newspaper was the following announcement:—"The three Services' combined recruiting centre for Birmingham and district has moved from the Y.M.C.A., Dale End. It is now at Islington Junior Schools, St. Martin Street, and any men volunteers for the three Services should enquire there."

Some people are such optimists!

Said the foreman, I won't have you hurried, And all hot and bothered and flurried;
My heart doesn't ache
For the NUTS that you make,
It's the NUTS that you are, gets me worried!

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 628

- 1. Cut one letter out of a musical instrument and get another.
- 2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: High-enchenthithyoutotheatertoash?
- 3. What common word has ALYS for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: All the _____ are made with professional bookmakers.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 627

- 1. THIN(K).
- 2. Burly bulls butt better than beefy bison.
- 3. ManGaNese.
- 4. Edible, belled.

JANE

TRAGEDY CAUSED BY A FOOL

(Continued from Page 2)

mirsky, growing white, and supporting himself against the wall. "Dead!"

"I always told her, poor girl, that, having a weak heart, she must avoid all emotion."

But Zodomirsky had ceased to listen. He sprang up the steps, crossed the hall and saloon, calling like a madman: "Mariana! Mariana!"

At the door of the sleeping chamber stood Mariana's old nurse, who tried to bar his progress. He pushed by her and entered the room.

Mariana was lying motionless and pale upon her bed. Her face was calm as if she slept. Zodomirsky threw himself upon his knees by the bedside and seized her hand. It was cold, and in it

clenched a curl of black hair. "My hair!" cried Zodomirsky, bursting into sobs.

"Yes, yours," said the old nurse, "your hair that she cut off herself on quitting you at St. Petersburg. I have often told her it would bring misfortune to one of you."

If anyone desires to learn what became of Zodomirsky, let him inquire for Brother Vassila, at the Monastery of Troitza.

The holy brothers will show the visitor his tomb. They know neither his real name nor the cause which, at twenty-six, had made him take the robe of a monk. Only they say, vaguely, that it was after a great sorrow, caused by the death of a woman he loved.

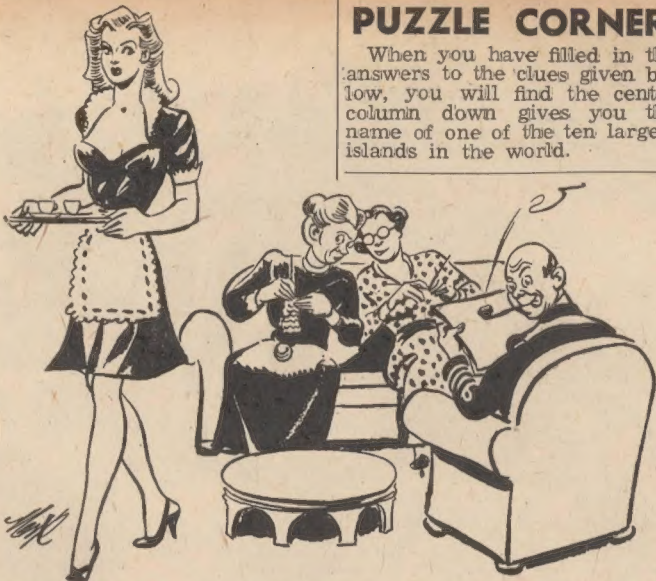
THE END

PUZZLE CORNER

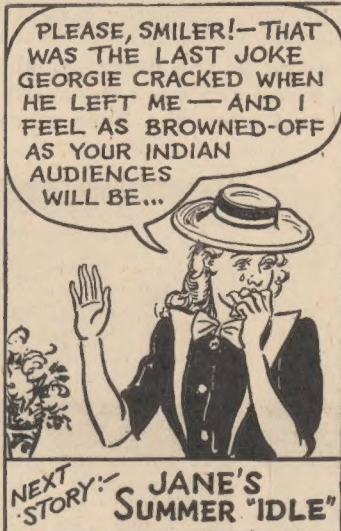
When you have filled in the answers to the clues given below, you will find the centre column down gives you the name of one of the ten largest islands in the world.

- 1. Mouldy.
 - 2. To strike.
 - 3. A street arab.
 - 4. A daily record.
 - 5. Collection of things.
 - 6. Biting.
 - 7. To collide.
- (Solution to-morrow).

1.									
2.									
3.									
4.									
5.									
6.									
7.									



"It keeps him away from his club all right, but I daren't go to mine now!"



MR. James Ernest Thomas, 66 High Holborn, has had notice to quit. Well, it's a thing that happens to people all over the place. But there are two queer things about this instance.

First, 66 High Holborn isn't there. All that remains of it from the blitz is a brick wall to keep the pavement tidy.

The rest is a blank site on which wild flowers grow, and nod in the breeze as gaily as if they decked the Surrey hills; and the rooms Mr. Thomas occupied as tenant on the second and third floors of the building are part of a rubble heap somewhere or other.

The other curious circumstance is that Mr. Thomas isn't there, either. At least nobody knows where he is.

But in spite of this, he has received notice to quit—legally. For, in order that the landlord may comply with the requirements of the law, a notice to that effect has been fixed to the brick wall round the building that doesn't exist.

EVER heard of Mr. Randolph Churchill? No, not that one. He's a Plymouth fishmonger. And he's famous, too, in his way.

All sturgeons caught and brought to land are the King's perquisite. Mr. Churchill has just sent his fourth to the King.

Landed by Skipper J. Froud, of Plymouth, it weighed 56lb.

D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

ESK	CAMBS	P
LLAMA	ROMEO	
MAYORS	WEPT	
VAMPED	AIT	
PEKE	COERCE	
E	NOUNS	R
PISTOL	CITY	
POP	FACADE	
ETON	REPENT	
RATIO	LEASE	
Y	SPRIT	LEG

1		2	3	4		5	6	7		8
			9							
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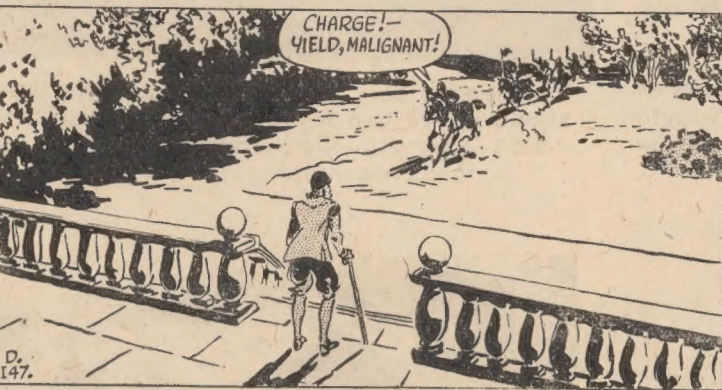
CLUES ACROSS.—1 Marsh. 5 Shrub. 9 Downpour. 10 Unaffected. 12 Drink. 14 Except when. 16 Protection. 17 Collection. 18 Display of petulance. 20 Wanders. 21 Tiara. 23 Cover. 25 Place. 26 Layers. 28 Girl's name. 30 Part of coat. 31 Old persons. 32 Aromatic herb. 33 Out of sorts.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Cavity. 2 On the slant. 3 Shift. 4 Lancashire town. 5 Shop. 6 Ordains. 7 Rose oil. 8 Women's quarters. 11 Sort of barometer. 13 Learned. 15 Rescues. 19 Provokes. 20 Ways to go. 21 Tightening wedge. 22 Rule. 23 Mistake. 24 Procrastinate. 27 Uncommon. 29 Hailing cry.

RUGGLES



GARTH



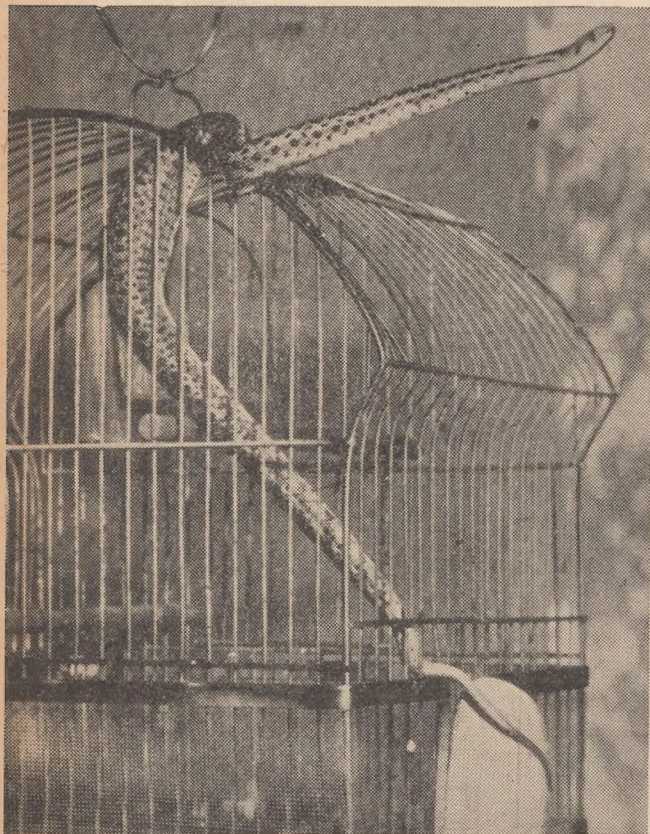
JUST JAKE



Good Morning



Down in Somerset nestles Winsford, claimed to be the prettiest village in the county. Prettiest sign is hanging above the door of the Royal Oak. The reason you can't see the crush of customers is because it was past closing time, and even the bees were asleep.



We print this to emphasise a moral. This here snake wiggled its way into the cage, disposed of the tenant as snakes do, and then couldn't wiggle out again. The darn thing forgot to keep the door open. Think that one out.



We caught this chap rolling out the barrel, and that's about all we can saysh, 'cept to remarksh we rolled out—hic!—barrelsh—hic!—too, after trying—hic!—to lick up what wash left, right and—hic!—centre.



★ Summer day on the ranch, with Virginia Mayo as a cowgirl in a Goldwyn production, who say that Virginia can be almost anything with a change of attire. Summer is O.K. But what about September Morn, boys?



Ever seen a double brew? Let it be known at once that Twice Brewed is just a village inn in Northumberland and they got the name on a signpost so you could feel your way home—if you had a home.



They went down to Southend for a holiday, but their train was late and the summer was gone by the time they arrived, so they spent the day "under canvas" thinking out what they would do next year.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'm waiting, sister, for the change."

